[](http://rds.yahoo.com/_ylt=A9G_bDmOL89KBlkBxvOJzbkF;_ylu=X3oDMTBqamdoM3Q5BHBvcwMxMgRzZWMDc3IEdnRpZAM-/SIG=1g51l0toi/EXP=1255178510/**http%3A/images.search.yahoo.com/images/view%3Fback=http%253A%252F%252Fimages.search.yahoo.com%252Fsearch%252Fimages%253F_adv_prop%253Dimage%2526va%253Dqu%252Byuan%2526fr%253Dslv8-hptb5%26w=144%26h=229%26imgurl=www.dragon-boats.com%252Fdbnet%252Fimages%252FQuYuan.jpg%26rurl=http%253A%252F%252Fwww.dragon-boats.com%252Fdbnet%252FHistory_of_Dragon_boats.htm%26size=8k%26name=QuYuan%2Bjpg%26p=qu%2Byuan%26oid=f32e0644b013e942%26fr2=%26no=12%26tt=6508%26sigr=11tvu8o8i%26sigi=11cviodq9%26sigb=12l6s0fbv)

*Zhao Hun* by Qu Yuan

I set out from the bay at early dawn,

And reach the town at eve.

Since I am upright, and my conscience clear,

Why should I grieve to leave?

I linger by the tributary stream,

And know not where to go.

The forest stretches deep and dark around,

Where apes swing to and fro.

The beetling cliffs loom high to shade the sun,

Mist shrouding every rift,

With sleet and rain as far as eye can see,

Where low the dense clouds drift.

Alas! All joy has vanished from my life,

Alone beside the hill.

Never to follow fashion will I stoop,

Then must live lonely still.

Now, the phoenix dispossessed,

In the shrine crows make their nest.

Withered is the jasmine rare,

Fair is foul, and foul is fair,

Light is darkness, darkness day,

Sad at heart I haste away.